

The Daily Freeman.

EVENING EDITION.

The Freeman.
With his hand upon his charter,
And his foot upon the sod,
He will stand—ordie a martyr
For his Freedom and his God.

C. W. WILLARD, Editor.

J. W. WHEELLOCK, Printer.

MONTPELIER, VT.
SATURDAY, DEC. 14, 1861.

HAVING CHOSEN OUR CAUSE WITHOUT GUILE
AND WITH PURE MOTIVES, LET US RENEW OUR
TRUST IN GOD AND GO FORWARD WITHOUT FEAR
AND WITH MANLY HEARTS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A DAILY FREEMAN

Will be published at this office until further notice. Two editions will be issued, one to be ready for the mail West, and the stages that leave Montpelier in the afternoon, the other in the morning in season for the morning mails. Each edition will contain the latest telegraphic news to the time of going to press.

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Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms. Orders are solicited.

C. W. WILLARD.

Colonization of the Negroes.

The scheme hinted at by President Lincoln in his message for acquiring territory for the purpose of colonizing such colored persons as might by the accidents of the war be left without their masters is certainly one of the first importance, and of the gravest significance. It is evident that this war cannot be prosecuted with any earnest purpose to thoroughly subdue rebellion without to a great degree undermining the foundation upon which slavery stands, if not completely overthrowing the barbarous system. It was fought through, instead of ending in patched up peace resting upon lying and deceitful compromises, thousands of slaves will be made free by force of circumstances which neither Mr. Seward nor Gen. McClellan can control if they would. Of course some provisions will have to be made for these suddenly liberated slaves. While many of them will at once be able and willing to take care of themselves, others who have been kept in heathen and dependent positions all their lives thus far, will need the care and protection, and directing intelligence of a paternal government. They are like uneducated thoughtless children that will need education in habits of industry as well as a self-reliant freedom, before they will be quite capable of making a good use of their liberties.

In some quarters Florida has been suggested as a fit territory in which to make this experiment of educating these liberated slaves, and furnishing them a home. The territory is extensive enough for the entire Slave population of the Slave States, should they be all liberated at once, and there are not enough white men there, to make the project objectionable on that account. The climate is said to be peculiarly adapted to the African race, and the soil is singularly rich and fertile; and it has been very justly said that it would be but a fitting retribution upon that rebellious State to turn it into a colony of free colored persons, who could hardly be worse or more barbarous in their wildest and most untutored condition, than the traitors who have turned the State away from its allegiance to the National Government.

It is certain that the question What shall be done with the negro? must be met and answered by the present Congress, and the present Executive power in the Nation. The future of the Nation depends upon how it is answered, and the war cannot be ended until it is answered satisfactorily. The feeling of the North upon the subject is in a great measure free from any partisan bias, or even sympathy with the negro. It is a question of Government or no Government; while we feel that the system of Slavery is the real enemy of the Constitution and Union, we desire to see the power of the Nation, its intellectual and physical energies, addressed to the task of getting rid of the evil in the easiest and safest method possible. If colonization will do it, then we vote for colonization.

We are aware that there are apparently immense difficulties in the way, that there are fierce and growling lions in the path, but the Nation is looking for the giant Great Heart that shall carry Columbia safely forward in the right road that can alone conduct the Nation to a prosperous peace. Cowardly or faint hearted men may shrink back, may take counsel of their fears, and so linger in the gloomy shadows of the present, but the Nation is looking for the coming man, for the genius who has the courage, the will, the faith, and the knowledge, sufficient to lead the people to their deliverance.

VERMONT STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society is to be held at Bellows Falls, Friday, January 2d. The Directors will meet the evening previous.

(Our War Correspondence.) From the Fifth Vermont Regiment. CAMP GRIFFIN, Dec. 8, 1861.

Mr. WILLARD:—We have made another reconnaissance in force, the grand, sensation particular of which the lightning has given you. I can imagine how the despatch, the "Herald's special," will read, and am not at all particular about seeing it, but I am anxious that your readers should have at least some of the minor particulars of the expedition of the 6th inst.

"A RECONNOISSANCE IN FORCE."

The force consisted of Smith's Division,—a force equal to one Regiment on picket,—a section of Barr's Battery, a section of Ayers' Battery, the Cameron Dragoons, and four or five companies of Corman's Mounted Rifles, together with the available force of McCall's Division,—say twelve or fifteen thousand troops in all. The main body took the road to Lewinsville, at which place several brigades filed off to the right on to the Leesburgh Pike, the balance proceeding on to Freedom Hill, a mile and a half East of Vienna. Here we made a halt, Gen. Brooks being in command. The batteries were planted on the hill, the same being a position fully as commanding as Munson's Hill. The 6th and 3d Vermont, the 49th New York, and several companies of Dragoons and Rifles remained upon the hill to support the batteries and as a reserve. The 5th Vermont, 7th Maine, and 33d New York were deployed to the right and left, say one or two miles, keeping concealed in the timber.

Being a sort of supernumerary myself, that is, having no company or command, (our entire company being on picket,) I was at liberty to go where I pleased, and learning that the 2d Vermont, a portion of the 4th, and an escort of Cavalry and Corman's Rangers, were to move on to Vienna, I fell in with the 2d Boys and moved on, keeping company with one of the best, most reliable and well informed officers of this Army—Major Charles H. Joyce.

VIENNA.

We arrived at Vienna at half past 10 o'clock, and found, what? Why, a demolished Railroad, with its wreck of burned cars, engines and machinery—a lonely, desolate, deserted parish, for it certainly cannot be called a town or a village,—but no enemy, and no signs of one. Vienna having figured so conspicuously in "Specimens" on war maps, and in "Leaders," I certainly expected to find at least the evidence of some by-gone thrills, commerce, prosperity and industry. But it was not there. Some fifteen or twenty tenements, none of them laying any claims to exquisite style or choice finish, and these nearly all unoccupied, was the Vienna that editors, statesmen, soldiers, and lightning have said so much about. The settlement at Wright's Mills is far superior to this chaotic and a half hamlet of old Virginia. I certainly would like to see a fair specimen of a Virginia village. Why, any of the paper towns of "Bleeding Kansas" are a long way in advance of anything I have yet seen on the "Sacred Soil." The only building of any prominence in Vienna was a two-story unfinished frame house, built and occupied for Hotel and retail grocery and tape purposes. Now it is all jammed, riddled and backed, and if thoroughly repaired would make quite a comfortable "stand" for a country inn and shoe-shop. On the extreme west side of the place, we found two families living from hand to mouth, and afraid of both armies. Well, who wouldn't be? For neither army can have any confidence in what they say, and I have often thought that it would be economy for our army to order every inhabitant out of Virginia living between our line of pickets and the army, and provide some way for their support. They certainly have an opportunity to learn valuable information about our positions, and when so posted the rebels can easily obtain it.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

At one of these houses I found Gen. Brooks, his aids, and Col. Stannard, conversing with an old man about the position and force of the enemy. Keeping at a respectful distance, till they rode away, I reined up to the fence, being at the time mounted upon the Major's horse, and probably learned all that had been told to the General, which was simply this: that a large force of Cavalry and Infantry was stationed at Hunter's Mills, about two miles North and West of us, and that a force of some fifty thousand was at Centerville, prepared to unite with them, in case of an attack, before we could bring up any reserve. The old man appeared to be very candid and told a straight-forward story. He saw rebel scouts nearly every day, but none that day. He had to be very guarded about what he said, as only a few days previous one of his neighbors had been taken by the rebels, for simply remarking that "the Union troops used the neighbors better than the Southern troops." I showed the old man a small map of the roads in that vicinity, and he showed me thereon about the position of the enemy, which he did, saying my sketch was very correct.

RETREATING.

Riding back to the track where the 2d was halted, I found the Major and returned his horse, with thanks. In a few minutes thereafter the General ordered us back to Freedom Hill, leaving two companies of Cavalry with instructions to remain two hours, and then report to him on the Hill. We accordingly prepared for the Paddy's advance, one of the 2d Boys crying out, "get ready for a retreat, pull off your clothes, and break your guns."

About noon we were on the Hill again waiting for something to turn up. By the way, I forgot to mention that in the morning when we first arrived at the Hill, we saw two women fleeing through the fields in the distance, a la mode de Bull Run. Query, Where did they go to?

The General being at lunch, the Cavalry report while he goes on with the victuals. But where was the 5th Vermont? Straying through the timber, I searched in vain for them, neither could I learn from any of the aids of their whereabouts.

TAKES A LUNCH AND READS THE NEWS.

I then selected a good shady place, for it was quite a warm day, and opening on my own haversack, was soon outside of the better part of two days' rations. You may know what the feeling of hunger is, but that gives you no idea of a soldier's appetite. As a general thing, he can eat at any time and at all times. After lunch I secured the Washington morning paper, giving the news of Parson Bronlow's victory in East Tennessee, the despatch saying that "rebel papers acknowledged this to be the first Union victory." The Parson must have

given them an awful thrashing if that is so. The same paper told of our reverses in Missouri, and of Price's wholesale robberies of the Union people. Poor Missouri, how I pity thee!

MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

Taking another stroll, I came upon a very neat little farm house near the old Court House, and seeing several soldiers already there, I went in myself, excusing my abruptness by asking the good lady if she could sell me a glass of milk. In the place of milk I obtained a bowl of good sweet cream, and while engaged over it, I heard the music of a piano in the "front room." The sudden approach of a squadron of rebels would not have surprised me more. My second dinner being over, the lady of the house "opened the parlor door," and showed me in, where I found her "eldest daughter," a blooming, pretty lass of about "sweet sixteen," playing some march or quickstep for the benefit of a couple of Cameron Dragoon officers—(go where you choose, and you'll find those "Cameron's"). I addressed her as Miss—who? "Miss Annie Moreland." It was best to know her name to begin with, and I was never backward about ascertaining particulars if there was any advantage to be acquired thereby. Complimenting the march, and saying something about "ear and taste," I called for "Gentle Annie." She certainly could sing that, and so she did, charmingly; and next came "Dixie," which she sang with vim and esprit, four voices joining in the chorus. There is something about that air very charming, and it is quite a favorite in the army. Every Band plays it, and any night in camp you can hear the lively strain.

"I'll live and die in Dixie!" But never mind! The picture that floated before my vision just then, seemed quite novel. There we were, making what the papers will call "Another Successful Reconnaissance." In full view from the window, and within a stone's throw of the lady's fingers and her warbling notes, could be seen batteries of rifled cannon, gleaming sabres, "fixed" bayonets, and thousands of brave, determined soldiers, ready at any moment to startle "Dixie" with the death knell whoop of the warrior and his hosts. Yet, notwithstanding all this, we soldiers were listening to the martial air of traitors, the Yankee Doodle of "Dixie," chanted by a lady whose very heart seemed to respond to every sentiment she sung. With many thanks for the entertainment, I departed, and soon found myself among a troop of officers, Colonels, Majors and Captains, amusing themselves over a game of quads. Funny, ain't it? But any one who questions the propriety of such things, is most respectfully solicited to try his hand at a day's lounging, waiting for any enemy that never will be found or seen until you go where he is—to Centerville, for instance.

THE UPSHOT OF THE RECONNOISSANCE.

I have now given you all the big things that were done by this force in our immediate vicinity of "operations." At sundown we started on the "home march," and at eight o'clock were safe in camp. About midnight I was informed that we obtained from the enemy 2700 bachelors or 102 wagon loads of corn, besides giving Jeff and his comrades a big scare. "Somebody" (you know who he is) says that the rebels were attending a review somewhere, that they heard we were marching on them with 100,000 troops, and that a panic seized them, in consequence of which they made a Bull Run retreat, leaving behind them sixty cannon and a large quantity of other armament, stores and cattle. But, the better I get acquainted with Mr. Somebody, and his distinguished friend "They say," the less respect I have for their veracity. In the meantime, please inform your readers that such is life.

Yours, &c., SEE SEE EES.

THE SEASON.—We are having a milder December thus far than has been experienced, probably, for the last dozen years. We have had, it is true, two or three brief turns of cold, when the thermometer run down some fifteen degrees below freezing, and the mill-ponds froze over strong enough for skating. But the rivers have as often cleared themselves of ice, and the six or seven inches of snow that had at one time fallen, has all gone, and the fields are all as bare as they were in October; while nearly all last week was so warm that the mercury never once touched the point of freezing.

The War Department has issued orders that no more troops be raised by the Governors of States, except upon the special requisition of the War Department. The recruiting service in each State is placed under the charge of General Superintendents, with a general depot for each State. Lieut. Col. Governor Morris is assigned to Vermont, with his headquarters at Burlington.

McCLELLAN NOT PRESIDENT.—We are glad to notice that President Lincoln denies the statement made by Mr. Stevens of Pennsylvania, to which we alluded a short time since, that the alteration in Secretary Cameron's report was made under a threat from Gen. McClellan.

Wm. H. Johnson, a private in the Lincoln Cavalry, was shot Thursday last, in pursuance of the judgment of a Court Martial. His offense was desertion. This is the first execution in the army of the Potomac.

GOOD FOR VERMONT.—In a letter from New York the present week the writer incidentally says: I met a member of Congress from New Jersey yesterday. He mentioned a conversation with President Lincoln in which he claimed that New Jersey had responded more freely than other states, and had furnished and armed her volunteers more fully and better than any others.—The President, he said, admitted the claim, with the exception of Vermont, which he said had done a little better.—Caledonian.

FOUND DROWNED.—The body of Mr. Russell J. Jones of this place, master of a canal boat, who has been missing since Wednesday night last, was found yesterday, in the lake near the Central wharf. It is supposed that he slipped from a plank in going on board his boat. His age was 27 years.—Free Press.

A Risky Business, WITH SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF IT.

I tell you, sir, it is a risky business to touch the brain. A minister of the Gospel told me of a member of his congregation, as noble a fellow as ever lived—generous—there was not a member of his church that gave as much as he, though only a member of the congregation, for support of the Gospel; rich—sleeping partner in a firm in New York, with a wife and one child, living in good style.—The only fault the minister had to find with him was, he would occasionally take a glass of wine, and would give it to the young men, and he said he had often talked with him about it. One day he saw him playing with his boy, and asked him—"Do you love your son?" "Love him! noble little fellow! I love him better than my own life." "You would not harm him?" "Harm him! hurt my boy! never!" "Now you never thought that a glass of wine—" "Stop, you are a fanatic; I respect you as a minister, but not your fanaticism on this point. The idea of a glass of wine hurting this boy—that I am going to ruin my child! Let this be a tabooed question between us. I have no patience to hear you talk so foolishly about it." It was about six weeks after that one of the partners in the house came to see him on some business, and they rode to a manufacturing town about twelve miles distant. He was one of those men—mighty to drink wine, and a man of strength to mingle strong drink, and there is no blessing pronounced to such that we can find in the Bible. But he drank this man drunk for the first time in his life; and when they got to the hotel the city gentleman laughed at his maudlin companion, and said, "I wonder what his wife will say to that." Returning, they drove up to the gate, and the child, with his mother, was on the marble steps waiting for papa. In stepping from the carriage, the drunken man's foot caught in the reins, and he stumbled.—If he had been sober he would have kept hold of the reins and the accident could not have happened. But it made him angry, his self control was disturbed and he took the boy by the shoulder, twisted him around and threw him down. As he was unable to walk, they carried him into the hall and laid him on a settee; he fell off that on the floor and went to sleep.

This clergyman told me—"They sent for me and I never spent such a night in my life. There lay that child dead, the wife in convulsions, and the man asleep—asleep, with a dead child, whose yellow locks were dabbled with blood, lying in another room—asleep, with two physicians trying to save life of his wife—asleep under the damning influence of wine. When he awoke it was a fearful waking. Pushing back his hair—"What is the matter? Where am I? Where is my boy? Where is my child? I must see him." "You cannot." "I must, I will! Where is my boy?" "You cannot see him." "I must see him—I must see my boy!" They took him into the room and turned down the sheet; and when he saw him he cried out, "Oh, my God! and fell back senseless." That clergyman told me—"and I have his name in my note-book—"One year from that day I buried his body, brought from a lunatic asylum, to lay side by side with his wife and child."

Young man, thank God for your society, if you have ever dared to tamper with that which disturbs the action of the brain, and brings a man to a point where he knows not what he is about. It is risky business to touch the brain, and it is the business of alcohol to do it.—J. B. Gough.

A dispatch was received in town last night stating that Seth O. Perkins, Co. D, 4th Vt. Reg't, was dead. Mr. Perkins was a son of Eliza Perkins of Bridgewater. He had been caught with the mangled, but was supposed to have got safely through with them. We are unable to state the immediate cause of his death.—Woodstock Standard.

GEN. HUNTER'S PLATTE COUNTY POLICY.—A committee of the citizens of Platte County, Mo., visited Gen. Hunter on Monday, the 24. The General said to them: "Tell the Trustees of Platte County, that unless they give up Gordon and his gang, and break up every rebel camp, that I shall send Col. Jennison over there with orders to burn every house in the County. I am getting tired of the whole subject."

Committee.—Will you put that in writing?

Gen. Hunter—"I will."

That brief interview satisfied Platte county, and the policy indicated will satisfy Kansas and the country.—Chicago Tribune.

THE TAXES.—Vermont has assumed the collection of the U. S. tax, and the amount is provided for in the usual tax bill. There will be no separate assessment for that tax. The whole State tax this year is 50 per cent. on the Grand List. This List for State taxes amounts to \$970,500.05; 50 per cent. of which is about \$485,450. Deducting abatements and 2 1/2 per cent. for collection, and it is believed that this tax will yield \$450,000 net revenue. By thus assuming the collection of the tax, the State saves about 12 1/2 per cent., net.

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT.—The Corporation, at their meeting on Tuesday, unanimously selected Prof. Torrey as acting President until a new President shall be chosen. We are requested to say that the instruction will continue in all the departments of the University the same as heretofore.—Times.

Henry Coffin a volunteer in the 3d regiment, who went out in the Springfield company, has returned on a furlough of two months, he having been wounded while on picket duty. A ball passed through his neck, and also the end of one thumb shot off. We believe the wound was caused by an accident.—Bellows Falls Times.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE 7TH AND 8TH.—We have authority for saying that the War Department has decided to send both the 7th and 8th regiments, now being raised in this State, to the Southern coast under Butler and Phelps. Nothing will gratify Vermont boys more than to be under the idolized Gen. Phelps. The recruits for these regiments are coming on briskly, and as soon as the above fact becomes known, they will be filled in "double quick."—Woodstock Standard.

In one of the towns in the Southern part of Virginia, as a regiment of rebel volunteers were about leaving for the seat of war, a neighboring parson in addressing the rebels on their duties as soldiers, &c., and them that "having put their hand to the plough they must not look back. Remember," said he, "the fate of Lot's wife, who for looking back was turned into a pillar of salt." At this juncture a bold "secesh," who did not exactly see the application, and had just been luxuriating on a piece of fresh calf without seasoning, suddenly starting up, threw his cap in the air and sang out lustily, "Hoory for salt—Bully for Lot's wife."

TESTS FOR THE THIRD REGIMENT.—Now that of James' patent, known in New England as the Butler tent, are now making, and will be forwarded this week in full supply for the 3d Vt. Regiment. These tents are large, well constructed, made of the most superior quality of doer, and are in every way superior to the shanty tent.—Pharm.

PARENTAL INDULGENCE.—Parental indulgence is often nothing but self-indulgence. Children are allowed to have what they desire to have, and to do what they desire to do, solely because their parents do not choose to be at the trouble of counseling and correcting them.

MARKET REPORTS.

CATTLE MARKET, Dec. 11.
At Market: 113 cattle, about 150 horses and 100 sheep, including all Western, Ohio, Iowa and Pennsylvania, are sold.
Prices.—Market Beef—Extra \$6.00, 6.02; first quality \$5.75 to \$6.00, 3d \$4.75 to \$5.00.
Working Oxen—\$6.00 to \$7.00.
Cows and Calves—\$5.00 to \$6.00.
Calves—\$5.00 to \$6.00.
Feederling—None.
Two years old—\$15 to \$17.
Three years old—\$15 to \$20.
Sheep and Lambs—\$5.00 at market.—Prices in town, \$2.50 to \$3.00, extra \$3.75 to \$4.00.
Hides, 6 to 10 cts. Pelts, 50 cts. to \$1.00. Calf Skins, 7 to 8 cts. Tallow, 6 to 10 cts.
Remarks.—The market was quite inactive. Few sales were made, and those at last week's prices. Sheep dull.

BRIGHTON MARKET, Dec. 12.
At Market: 900 beef cattle, 1000 horses, 1000 sheep and lambs, 600 swine.
Prices.—Beef Cattle—Extra \$6.00; first quality, 5.75 to \$6.00; 3d \$4.75 to \$5.00.
Working Oxen—None.
Milk Cows—\$3.00 to \$4.00, common do., \$2 to \$3.
Calves—None.
Feederling—\$8 to \$10.
Two years old—\$12 to \$16.
Three years old—\$17 to \$19.
Sheep and Lambs—\$2.00 to \$2.50; extra \$3.00 to \$3.50.
Hides—6 to 10 cts. Pelts—50 cts. to \$1.00. Calf Skins—7 to 8 cts.

Remarks.—Market dull and inactive. Prices of Beef are much the same as last week. The warm weather has had a bad effect, and buyers are few. Sheep and Lambs dull, and the supply quite large; many must be left over. Swine are a shade higher than last week.

Mails in Montpelier.

SOUTHERN and Western mail closes at 7:45 a. m., arrives at 5:15 p. m.
NORTHERN and Western closes at 5:45 p. m., arrives at 9:15 a. m.
Night Mail for Boston and New York closes at 2:00 o'clock, P. M.
All matter for these mails must be in the office before the time of closing, to go the same day.
BARGE mail arrives daily at 8:30 a. m.; departs every day on arrival of Southern.
BANDFORD mail arrives daily at 4:00 p. m.; departs daily at 8:00 a. m.
DANVILLE arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1:12 o'clock, a. m.; departs Monday, Wednesday and Fridays at 5 o'clock p. m.
BARTON arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:00 p. m.; departs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 9:45 a. m.
HYDEPARK, by Worcester and Milmore, arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5:00 p. m.; departs same at Barton.
CHURCH arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 p. m.; departs same at Danville.
CATARAIS mail arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 1:00 p. m.; leaves alternate days on arrival of Western.
BURLINGHAM from two to six times a week.
OFFICE HOURS FROM 7:00 A. M. to 8:00 P. M.
JAMES G. FRENCH, P. M.

Montpelier, May 1, 1861.

MOTHERS, or you that have the care of children, know the difficulty of getting them to take medicine, and as it is almost as painful to the parent to administer the doses, as to see the child suffer by disease, and you will hail with joy any discovery that will alleviate this difficulty and at the same time be a more efficient agent to restore health.—Dr. Gifford's Homeopathic curatives do this, being as they are, simple medicated sugar pills, to which can be administered to a child even when asleep without disturbing it, and the action of the medicines will in all cases be satisfactory. Children troubled with worms, colic, diarrhea, or teething babies, have a remedy here that is perfectly harmless and at the same time can be given without trouble, and are good in their results.

Sold by F. E. Smith, Montpelier, Vt., Agent, or sent anywhere on receipt of price, 25 cts. per box, by M. S. Burr & Co., wholesale, Boston, Mass., or Philip Lee, 136 William street, New York.

BROWN & BROTHER'S Liquid Blacking, manufactured in Boston is a splendid article. Its effects upon leather is astonishing: even upon an old pair of boots it is an excellent substitute for cobbling, in dry weather. You are so dazzled by the glossiness that you overlook the presence of ventilation and the absence of taps.

NEWBURY SEMINARY.

CLASS EXAMINATIONS begin Tuesday, Nov. 12th, at A. M. Exhibition, Wednesday evening, Nov. 13th, at P. M. Winter Term opens Nov. 21st.

Newbury, Vt., Nov. 1, 1861.

The Trustees of Newbury Seminary will hold their annual meeting, in No. 1, Tuesday, Nov. 12th, at 1 P. M.

PRENTISS KNIGHT, Secretary.

Newbury, Vt., Nov. 1, 1861.